

Pathetic

oneshot clownery - I

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Summary:

When an age-old entity gets shanked by some kid, someone's gotta be there to help them.

Pathetic

Author's Note:

taking a break from writing/outlining my other fic to give you whatever this is (btw this isn't taking place in the same universe as seeing red this is just some random thing i wrote lmao)

You were late.

Actually, you were really late. You meant to stop by the decrepit excuse for a house on Neibolt Street earlier that afternoon but Life decided to throw errand after errand at you, almost as if the universe itself were trying to keep you away. Not that you could blame it though.

As you passed the rusted, falling-apart gates, something felt..off. The house always felt off. Not that that was a surprise in any way. The feeling of unease that covered the property like a thick fog was due largely in part to its sole inhabitant. That and the fact that it looked like it would collapse in on itself if a strong enough breeze passed by it. But this was different. This made your gut twist with a familiar twinge of anxiety and you couldn't explain why.

It didn't take much to shove the door open, it was already slightly ajar. That shouldn't have fazed you, there was always people coming in and out of the house, usually because of a dare or pure curiosity. But it did. The feeling of dread only got worse once you stepped into the house. It was too quiet. Not the type of silence that filled the house when Pennywise was off hiding somewhere. This was an empty quiet.

“Penny?”

Not even a creak in the floorboards.

You fumbled with your hands to keep them from trembling as your pace got faster, subconsciously making a beeline to the basement. Your breath was caught in your throat as you peered down the well. You called out to him again. Still no answer.

You tried to keep yourself from panicking. *This isn't the first time he's done something like this*, you repeat to yourself. *Just wait, he'll pop out from some shadowy corner and scare you just like he always does.*

But he didn't. At least, he didn't mean to.

You heard him before you saw him. It started off as a low rumble echoing from the well. You stood back. You could never tell what he was up to, and you were on edge every time you came by to visit. But you were always drawn back to him.

“P-Pennywise?” you whispered.

The sound turned into a deep growl, and you saw It. Pennywise creped out of the well on all fours, his clawed hands scraping against the old well's bricks. You couldn't properly see him, as the lighting in the basement was practically nonexistent (and was only getting worse the later it became), but you could tell that something was wrong. He was being unusually cautious, slowly crawling out from the entrance to his true home. As he lay hunched over on the

ground, the one thing you could clearly see in the dark were his golden, glowing eyes. He never took them off you.

You took a deep breath and stepped closer to him.

“Are..are you okay?” you carefully reached out to him, but like a frightened animal Pennywise snarled at you.

You quickly retracted your arm, putting them both up above your head. “Hey! Hey, it’s me, Penny. It’s Y/N.” Your voice softened slightly, even though it was already barely above a whisper.

“Can you at least come closer? So I can see you?”

The clown, or rather the entity that looked like a clown, studied you with an untraceable expression. You could tell that he could tell that you were scared. You were always a little scared of him, no matter how “gentle” he would be around you. Eventually, Pennywise moved away from the edge of the well, and closer to what little light the stairwell gave. Closer to you.

He stumbled with every step, and the worried knot in your gut only twisted more. When he was finally just a few steps away from where you stood, your stomach dropped. You tried not to, but a gasp escaped your lips before your hands could cover your mouth. From what you could see, Pennywise had a pole stabbed through his face. It completely punctured his right eye and shot out through the opposite side of his head. To be honest..he looked pathetic. Pennywise had gotten much closer to you, and you could feel his ragged breath hit your face.

What frightened you more than the fact that Pennywise had a pole in his face was the fact that one side of his face was completely twisted. One side of his jaw had been morphed into what was practically a field of teeth, an overabundance of drool dripping from his maw and onto the floor. His one uninjured eye was bloodshot, straining to keep focus on you. His whole body was twitching, Pennywise wasn't often injured, but you could tell that he was in pain.

Tentatively, you reached out to him. Pennywise instinctively flinched, but as soon as he felt your soft hands on his face, he eased into your touch. A low whine escaped his lips as he nuzzled into your palm. It was almost cute.

Almost.

His drool was dripping over your hands and onto you both. It was gross, but you were used to the drool by now (sorta). You rubbed your thumb in circles around his jaw, his eye was fixed on you.

“Who did this to you?” you whispered, unsure if you were talking to Pennywise or yourself.

He opened his mouth as if to speak but a violent jolt shook his body, and Pennywise crumpled to the floor. You went down with him. You could feel his clawed hands grip your shoulders, the fabric of your shirt getting caught on his elongated nails. It hurt. Your hands fell from his face and down to his shoulders, gripping them as firmly as you could.

“Penny. Who. Hurt. You.”

Through his sputtering growls, he managed to form one word.

“Kids”

You could tell he noticed the slight puzzled look that washed over your face, because almost as soon as he stated who his attackers were, he turned to look away. It wasn't an odd occurrence that his prey would fight back, but from the look of it it seemed that whoever he tried to drag into his sewers won. For now. You could swear he was pouting, or something akin to it given the current state of his face.

Oh god, his face. He needed to get that pole out. You knew he healed fairly quickly but you're not sure if he was able to do so if the object was still there. He didn't seem to be getting any better. You inched closer to his wound.

“U-Um, Pen? I think you're uh, gonna need some help with..that.” you gestured to the offending pole.

Pennywise's eye glared at you, and his lips curled into a snarl. He backed away from you. He definitely wasn't gonna like this. You pinched the bridge of your nose.

“Look, someone either takes it out or,” you sighed. “Or it stays there. You're choice.”

His growl softened to a whine, and he didn't look any less upset, but he creped back to you. You're not sure if you were prepared to actually pull an object from someone's face but you guess you didn't have a choice now. Pennywise looked down at you with an almost pleading look in his eye. This was the first time you've seen him look so? Scared? Who were the kids that did this to him? You're not sure you wanted to find out if they managed to bring Pennywise, of all things, to this sort of state.

You stood up.

"This is..probably gonna hurt, okay?"

Your hands gripped the rusty pole and tugged. It didn't come out.

Pennywise roared, the sound echoing through the house and leaving a ringing in your ears. Fuck, this was harder than it looks. You pulled again, and finally it budged. Slowly, it was coming out. Pennywise's one good eye never left your sight, his hands grabbing at your legs and digging his claws into your skin. You could feel his nails go deeper the more you pulled on the pole. As if it couldn't have gotten worse, the sick squelching noise the pole made on its exit churned your stomach. After what felt like an eternity, the pole was out. You tossed it on the floor.

"I'm so sorry," your hands were shaking and your legs stung. You dropped to Pennywise's level, kneeling in front of his shaking form and taking his face into your hands again. "You're gonna be alright now, okay?"

The gap where his eye was worried you still, but you knew somehow that he was gonna be fine. He always was after something like this. Though, you admit this was the worst you've personally seen him. He was still shaking, but he shifted his position from a crouch to sitting on the floor as normally as he could. His hands went from your legs to your back and pulled you closer to him. Practically hugging his chest, you could hear his heaving, rattled breaths even more. You could hear him muttering something to himself but you couldn't make out what. You rarely felt bad for him, and honestly he had this sort of thing coming. Still, he looked pretty pitiful.

Ignoring the drool that poured over your hands once again, you held his jaw. His teeth grazed your thumb, and you were suddenly reminded of the monster that looked down at you with such a vulnerable gaze. You're not sure what you were thinking, or if you were thinking at all, but you pushed yourself up from your seat in his lap. He looked puzzled, but he let your hands guide his face down to yours, and you kissed him.

Your lips barely grazed his, but you could feel his sharp, needle-like teeth scrape against yours. His nails dug deeper into you, and you winced, pulling away from him. His drool sluggishly dripped down your face now, and you could feel a heat creep onto your face. His mouth was still jagged and uneven from the strain his injury put on his form but you could swear he was grinning at you. Typical.

You were about to push yourself up, but the sudden tensing of his arms pinned you to him. You're not sure if you wanted to leave him like this anyway. Engulfed by his massive form, you settled between his legs, back against his chest. His breathing was almost normal now. You could feel yourself drifting off into sleep when he rocked you back and forth with him, face burying itself into your neck.